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STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

The Three Last Speakers of the "Untrustworthy and Disreputable Democratic Party," and the Three Last Speakers of the "Grand Old Republican Party of Moral Ideas."

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

1884.

You may cheer for the Grand Old Party,
 As you did in the grand old days;
 But the cheer will be far from hearty,
 And weak the faltering praise.
 For rather than put Corruption
 In Lincoln's chair of state—
 The honest citizen casts his vote
 For the Other Candidate.

In these days of late dishonor
 For the head that was held so high,
 With her glory and shame upon her,
 Let the Grand Old Party die.
 But the spirit that gave her grandeur,
 Survives with the strength of Fate
 In the breasts of the men who will vote this Fall
 For the Other Candidate.

An Honest Vote was going along the straight road in its shirt-sleeves, when it Perceived an individual wrapped up in an Ulster and retired behind a haystack.

"And who may you be?" inquired the Honest Vote.

"I," returned the Semi-congealed stranger: "am an Aggressive Campaign."

"Ho ho!" exclaimed the Honest Vote: "then you are the Party who was going to Lick me out of my Boots. If so, why do not you Proceed to Lick?"

"I would," responded the Aggressive Campaign: "but will you kindly observe the Temperature?"

"I find it very comfortable," said the Honest Vote.

"It may be for you," remarked the other, as it drew its Ulster about its Emaciated Form: "but it is a Cold Day for Me."

MORAL.

The Moral of this fable teaches us that Morality is not quite played out yet.

"What are you going to do about it?" That is the question which men, especially Republican men, are asking each other, not in a spirit of impudent defiance; but for the purpose of honest inquiry. What are you going to do about it? Are you going to elect a thoroughly objectionable man to the Presidency, just be-

cause he belongs to your party, or because you "don't want a change," or because some of your friends want him? Or are you going to throw over narrow prejudices and aid with voice and vote a thoroughly honest, capable, trustworthy man, who, were he a Democrat ten times over, would make an upright, just and impartial executive officer?

If you ask us this question, you will receive a direct, clear and explicit answer. We are going to support Cleveland and Hendricks, in the interest of good government and common decency. We have said in these columns, more than once, that we had no fondness for the principles which the Democratic Party had advanced in years past. But the old issues are nothing now. There is no longer a question of State's-rights. The curse of slavery is taken from us for ever. There are still those worthless people in the Democratic Party who advocated these ideas a generation ago. But they are now in a minority; the feeling of their party is against them. Under the leadership of a wise, honest and strong man they are powerless for evil.

And in Grover Cleveland we have the wise, honest and strong man. This is our deliberate opinion, after watching his political career with conscientious care. He is a man who has thoroughly well earned the respect and regard which we are now glad to give him. He has had to contend against popular prejudice; he has been put in positions where his judgement has run counter to that of his best friends, and where he has been subjected to misconception. We had to learn to trust—but ably and well has he taught us to give him the fullest trust.

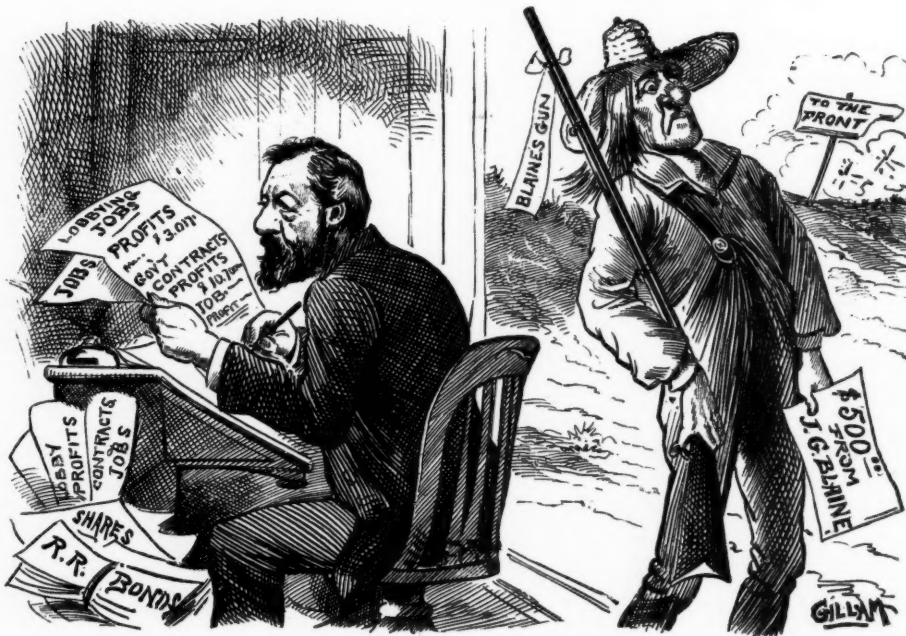
Yes, if you have any doubt as to what we are going to do about it, you have only to look at the two tickets. At the head of one is a

tainted politician. The tail of it is a retired slave-catcher. The Democratic nominees for President and Vice-President are two trustworthy, clean-handed men. We shall support them, even at the cost of being called "Dudes" and "Pharisees," when that "aggressive campaign" of Mr. Blaine's is, in due time, opened.

We have an idea that the aggressive campaign will be on this side of the house. Cleveland and Hendricks have no bad records to apologize for. The papers that support them will not have to clean the mud off boots that have long gone astray, wandering in forbidden ways. There is nothing to be said against them—they are simply honest and capable. Mr. Butler may howl that Mr. Cleveland is opposed to the workingman. But, so far as the workingman is interested, Mr. Butler may go off and howl by himself. A workingman who can not tell the difference between that blatherskite and an honest man is not likely to earn enough to keep himself alive until next November. Butler is not the mouthpiece of honest labor. He is the booming bull-frog of demagogueism.

Most of all we rejoice in the nomination of Grover Cleveland because we see in the union of honest and intelligent Democrats and Republicans who support him an earnest and promise of the advent of that Independent Party to which this politician-ridden land looks for relief from its many woes. "Boss" McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, lately remarked that Mr. Cleveland would never have had the idea of running for the Presidency if Puck and other papers had not put it into his head. If we are in any way responsible for Mr. Cleveland's introduction to the public as a Presidential candidate, we are proud of our responsibility. And if our eyes had prophetic sight when we saw in him the fittest man to oppose the threatening corruption of the Republican Party at this present season, we may hope that our vision is no less clear now that we see in him the first leader of the party which will one day arise on the wrecks of the two old parties that are fighting their last fight.

THE PLUMED KNIGHT'S WAR RECORD.



BLAINE SENT A SUBSTITUTE TO THE FRONT TO FIGHT, WHILST HE LINGERED LOYALLY IN THE REAR TO FIGURE.

REASONABLE REPORTEE.



"Stop me noise, is it? Phwat do ye expect? A Lavy concert on the silver bugle coornet, is it?"

REMARKS BY ME.

Robert, my favorite son, come and draw up by me and put your feet on my desk, for I want to talk to you; I want to make the drum of your ear vibrate with the rolling thunder of hard sense and ripened wisdom.

Robert, have you seen the Magnetic Girl? Nay, nay, do not make the merry jest. We know it all. Many, many ingenious variations on it sleep in yonder waste-basket. But in all sober truth and seriousness, and barring unseemly levity, Robert, have you seen the Magnetic Girl? No? Well, I have, and you ought to.

Why? You ask me why? You hitch up a little nearer and inquire of me if she really is magnetic. And your eye grows a little brighter, for afar off you scent excitement and mystery and a big thing generally. Is she magnetic?

Magnetic your grandmother, Robert. She is no more magnetic than you are, or than I am, or than Alpheus, the office-boy, there, is. And she has no more "odic force," Robert, than you could put into a mosquito's ear. And all the "mysterious power" she has she couldn't pawn for the worth of an enervated wooden toothpick.

What is she, then, and how does she do these wonderful things?

I will tell you, Robert. She is a great, healthy young country girl, put up like the heifer that toileth in the fields, and with a wrist like a weaver's beam. And they aren't wonderful things, Robert, and she doesn't do them. Her programme is made up of simple, ancient, childish tricks—which anybody can do, and which she does quite as well as anybody—with a few other little things which nobody can do, and which she, accordingly, doesn't do.

Alpheus, my office-boy, awake from thy slumbers over the detrimental literature of Norman Munro, and hand me the ebony billiard-cue out of the ivory rack. Thank you. Now, Robert, hold this firmly in front of you—take both hands. You can hold it still? Nay, Robert, merely the palm of my hand lies upon that cue, and yet you are wavering about the room, and now you are in the waste-basket.

That is because I have about two feet of leverage upon you. If Alpheus, there, got two feet of leverage upon John L. Sullivan, he could swing the champion around as easily as the Demon Drink can. Do you remember, Robert, when you used to go down to the cow-pasture with your bare feet and your boy's heart, and nearly wring the head off the old cow, in your childish glee, by twisting her all around with your dirty little paws on the end of the board that went across her horns? That's leverage.

And now, Robert, try to put one end of the cue to the floor. You see that you don't. My

palm is pressed lightly against it, and you and two more to help you couldn't put that cue to the floor. Why? Well, why does a woman stop with a finger on its rim the sewing-machine wheel that would break her hand if the hand got in between its whirling spokes? Because her hand is a brake. So is mine on the cue. I need no magnetism. The laws of nature are enough for me.

But is that all the Magnetic Girl does? Oh, no. She will now put her left hand, which is toward the audience, flat against the back post of a citizen's chair. And then the young man in the dress-coat will say: "You observe the position of the lady's hands. They do not grasp the chair." And then he will get between her right hand and the people on the stage, and with that right hand she will take the bottom of the citizen's chair with the grip of death, and she will hoist the citizen.

And what is there to hinder her?

But I see it is of no use talking to you, Robert. "Well," you say: "I don't know. Perhaps you don't do these things the way she does them. It's very strange so many people should believe in her. I guess there must be something in it."

There is something in it. There is a young woman, and there is a manager, and there are several thousand congenital idiots, of whom you, dear Robert, are one, in it. And there are dollars in it, dear Robert; the bright, round, shiny gold dollars of our ancestors in it, my boy. For the men who get up the scheme well know that you are a pretty fair example of the public at large—that you will take half-a-dollar's worth of interest in any chance of excitement, and that you will believe any impossible thing rather than feel that you aren't getting your excitement when you have paid for it.

It is of no use to show you how these tricks are done. It is of no use to make you do them all, yourself. You will fly in the face of reason and common-sense, Robert, and sit on your own intellect, rather than give up the faint chance of having found a "big thing."

Why, bless you, you will talk bosh about magnetism and electricity and odic force, and such-like ruck, to try to convince yourself that there is "something in" a trick with a billiard-cue that has been performed in countless billiard-rooms ever since you wore copper-toed-shoes, Robert.

And, Robert, my favorite son, just so are you flying in the face of reason and common-sense and the plain simple instinct of honesty when you go about talking yourself into a belief in that other case of "magnetism" which has set a good many excitable people crazy of late. And that is a case much worse than this of magnetism that is not magnetism. For all that the political "magnet" attracts is the worthless stuff that a decent magnet would repel—corruption, sycophancy, ignorance and dishonor.

ME.

TRIP TIPS.

THE ANCHOR LINE—The Chain.

THE CITIZENS' LINE—Up to the Ballot-Box.

THE INMAN LINE—The Path to the Restaurant.

THE PROVIDENCE LINE—Down the Church Aisle.

THE MALLORY LINE—The Way to the Madison Square Theatre Box-Office.

THE CHURCH-FAIR—The Soprano.

A GREAT BENDER—The Immature Peach.

Puckerings.



YOU'RE EXTREMELY meek and good,
Angeline,
And you walk the way you should,
Angeline,
With a countenance serene,
And a highly proper mien,
And a proper book to read—
Oh, extremely so, indeed—
And a very dowdy hat,
And I know what you are at,
Angeline.

You've the parson in your eye,
Angeline,
And he fights a little shy,
Angeline.
But he's worth your while to land,
And you've got him well in hand,
Angeline.

But allow me to inquire,
Angeline—
Lift your head a little higher,
Angeline—
My respected Angeline,
Has he ever, ever seen—
Did he ever, ever know
How a year or two ago
We two met at Mt. Desert,
And the way we used to flirt,
Angeline?

THE WHITE STAR—Mary Anderson.

THESE ARE the kind of days that the small boy loves to steal out into the woods, and there, in the solemn hush and shade, sit down upon a mossy log and smoke a cigarette composed of corn-silk and newspaper.

AS IT IS a popular belief that there is a reason for everything, we imagine the reason that an iceman is said to make money hand over fist is because so much ice is required to make a goblet of lemonade at the seashore.

THE CARPET-BEATER—The man who purchases a carpet on the installment plan and moves away with it before it is half paid for, and leaves the dealer to stand on the front steps and turn the air blue with wrath for satisfaction.

THE BEST cholera mixture we can think of just now is composed as follows:

Green apples.....	50
Cucumbers.....	25
Unripe peaches.....	25

100

If you can not get any cholera out of this cholera mixture, it only goes to prove that you can not get cholera out of anything.

HE LEARNED MIND-READING.

The editor sat in his easy-chair. Editors always sit in easy-chairs. He leaned back and drew a long whiff from his fragrant pipe, and blew it far out upon the sultry Summer air. Away down in the recesses of the editor's soul a solemn stillness reigned. It made the editor sad to realize the presence of that solemn stillness; because what the editor was looking for was an idea—a great big booming idea that would fill a column of brevier single-lead. Suddenly there was a slow tramp of feet upon the stairs. The editor listened. No, it was not the sighing of the wind; it was a pair of No. 9 extra double heavy-soled shoes. The owner, perchance, was the bearer of a bill—a long-due bill. Would the editor flee? Upon this particular occasion he would not. He made up his mind to stand his ground and bluff the man. In another minute the stranger stood in the doorway. When he caught sight of the editor he paused, and the thunderer had time to contemplate his appearance. A massive forehead he had, surrounded by dark clusters of raven ringlets that reeked with the essence of the defunct opossum. His hat had seen better days—before the flood. His coat was enriched with the stains of many a Winter. His trousers were full of polish, and his shoes were innocent of the same. The stranger advanced and took off his hat.

"Have I the honor," he inquired: "of beholding the editor-in-chief?"

"My friend," replied the editor: "you have. If your soul has been hungering in the dark chasms of a beclouded past for one shaft of that heavenly light that falls from the editorial chair, now is your time. Get in your little gaze, and don't be bashful. I am the person who works the thunder-machine of this establishment. If there is anything I can do for you, name it and I won't do it."

"I know of nothing that you can do for me," replied the stranger.

"Then what is your secret?"

"I have come to do something for you!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the editor, as he realized himself.

"I am Julius Benedict Munkhazy, the mind-reader," said the stranger.

"Don't say so?" said the editor.

"But I do. And what I want to do is to teach you the great art. Now, Stuart Cumberland and Irving Bishop are working the advertising dodge across the water beautifully. Cumberland has himself interviewed by Labouchère. Know Lab? No? He's n. g., and says Bishop is a swindler. Then Bish sues Lab for libel, and the whole gang gets a big boom out of it. It's a great scheme. But those fellows are mere tyros in the business. I know more about it in five minutes than they do in five years. And I can teach you to do it in one lesson."

"You can?"

"I can, every time."

The editor looked thoughtful. He was sorely tempted to learn this art. How he could astonish his wife by going home and looking into her nut-brown eyes and saying: "Yes, dear, you shall have a seal-skin ulster in the Spring"! And how astonished his mother-in-law would be if he said to her: "No, mother-in-law, you are wrong; it was not beer I drank, as you are thinking, but ginger-ale!"

"How much does this cost?" he inquired.

"Sir," replied the stranger: "I am laboring for the love of psychological science."

"Proceed with the obsequies, then."

The stranger immediately borrowed the editor's handkerchief and blindfolded him with it.

"That," he said: "is to prevent you from thinking of anything else. Now, you take my hands; I think of something, and you endeavor to lead me to it. You will find yourself drawn

forward by a sort of irresistible impulse. Now, then, I've thought of something. Are you ready?"

"Yes," replied the editor.

Then he reached out for the stranger's hand, and found it seizing his own in a vise-like grip. The editor started forward, and the stranger's hand urged him gently toward the door. He recognized the impulse and went. Down the stairs they went and out into the street. The pace increased every moment. Down the street they ran at a rattling pace, and flew around the corner at a 220-yards dash gait. The next moment they wheeled sharp around and dashed through a doorway. They turned and twisted in the room, and then the editor felt his hand placed on something cold.

"You've got it, by George!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Got what?" inquired the editor, faintly, the perspiration dripping from every pore.

"What I was thinking of!"

"What is it?"

"Here, let me take off the bandage."

The stranger pulled the handkerchief off the editor's eyes. The editor stared around and a light broke in upon his brain. He was in a bar-room. He was grasping an ice-cold bottle of Aged Thomas Gin. He did not kill the stranger. He set 'em up for all present.

W. J. HENDERSON.

As THE cool, rippling breezes of July go coquetting across the bearded and side-whiskered wheat, and the plashing of the meadow-brook mingles with the rustling leaves, the fair school-teacher rejoices in her heart of hearts—the ace—and hies away to the rural resort, where she has many poor relatives who are glad to have her spend her holidays with them. And when she gets there she takes the children out under the spreading tree, and hurls great bucketfuls of sunshine into their sweet, unchecked lives by presenting them with the jack-knives, tops, and other indispensable articles of boyhood that she has taken from her pupils during the past year.

"JIM BROWN."

I sing not of heros whose bones snugly rest
Under marble in Greece or in Rome;
The party I speak of lived out in the West—
Right here, as you might say, at home.
With rhymes about Xerxes and his spunky chaps,
Those warriors of world-wide renown,
Other poets you 'll find who will suit you, perhaps—
The name of *this* fellow is Brown.

In a smart little town by the side of the lake
He slung the stuff over his bar,
For in mixing those things they call "suthin' to take"
Jim Brown was decidedly thar.
If you tried to reform him his blood fairly boiled,
You couldn't come that upon Jim;
He said at the Flood all the water was spoiled,
And it tasted of sinners to him.

The "lords of creation" had fought him in vain,
The demon still lurked in his bowl,
He had fettered their sons with his merciless chain,
And ruined them, body and soul.
The jails might be crowded, the farms left untilled,
The children might shiver with cold;
'Twas little he cared so his pockets he filled,
This sinner so brazen and bold.

But the women came down like the wolves on the foid,
Or like 'possums on insects in June,
And prayed without ceasing right out in the cold,
And sang by the light of the moon.
There was no use in talking, Jim had to cave in,
'Twas too much for his flesh and his blood
To stay in that grog-shop careering in sin
While those girls knelt outside in the mud.

Jim as champion rummy had long led the van,
But still, after all, he was human;
So he who had never backed down to a man
Surrendered at last to a woman.
And the rest of them, finding that Jim didn't "stick,"
From him very soon took their cue,
And smashed up their bottles and jugs pretty quick,
And knocked in their rum-barrels, too.

Now those fellows who once used to reel around drunk
Prance about in black claw-hammer coats,
And their wives, who in depths of despair have been
sunk,
At singing again try their throats.
The children wear stockings and shoes on their feet,
There isn't a pauper in town;
And one nice young woman who knelt on the street
Is married. She's "Mrs. James Brown."

"SMADA."

WE'VE GOT ONE, TOO!



OUR ELECTRIC (SERVANT) "GIRL."—SHE CARRIES THE HEAVIEST WEIGHTS TO HER MOTHER'S, A MILE AWAY, WITHOUT FATIGUE.

TWO WESTERN CITIES.

Hervey City, Dakota, consisted of three houses, a store and a blacksmith-shop. Its population was nine people. Lake City, its rival, comprised two houses and a straw-stack. Its population was seven people. A sanguine few predicted that Lake City would one day be as large as Hervey City, which even now it seemed almost to overtake.

Unlike Hervey City, Lake City was not a manufacturing town. It had no blacksmithshop. It sought to create manufacturing industries. A movement had long been afoot here to establish a cider-press. Here at length a cider-press was opened with public holiday. Many dreamed of the time when Lake City would have a fanning-mill. Some one, carried away by wild excitement, predicted that Lake City would one day have a saw-mill. The prediction was regarded as extravagant.

"Why not?" said the man who uttered it: "Has not Hervey City become an art centre?"

True enough; Hervey City was covered with circus-posters, African and Arctic landscapes, animal pieces, and cannibals. The town was twice referred to in the *Tuscola Independent* as the American Paris.

So even was the advance of the two cities that the next day an Italian playing sixteen instruments at once came into Lake City. The inhabitants were intoxicated with excitement and pleasure. If Hervey City pointed with pride to its art exhibitions, Lake City pointed with exultation to its musical festival.

It is curious to analyze the population of the two towns. Lake City had a Summer-boarder. He came with the dandelions and went away with the Fall apples. This was Lake City's floating population. Hervey City's floating population was a tramp who visited the town once in three years. He came with the scurvy and went away with the gout.

A hermit lived near Hervey City in a cabin. This was Hervey City's suburb. It was predicted that this suburb would one day be annexed.

While Hervey City was regarded as gayer than Lake City, it was so large and crowded as to be considered unhealthful. Had it not been ravaged by measles? And who did not remember the frightful whooping-cough epidemic which once swept through it? True, one-third the population of Lake City had been down at the same time with croup, when Mrs. McFadd's twins had it simultaneously; but a rigid quarantine had been established by Mrs. McGuffin, the Board of Health, and the disease had not spread.

The growth of Lake City had been steadier; that of Hervey City more of a mushroom character. People predicted that the latter town would ultimately decline. Lake City grew and grew till it had ten people, and was as large as Hervey City. It still lacked a suburb. At last the long desired suburb came.

One day an old man who lived in a wagon, sitting on his verandah, drove his villa across the plain. He stopped just outside the town. The City Council voted him five acres of land—land was thirty-five cents an acre—if he would there make his home. He agreed to do so.

Meanwhile Hervey City had begun to decline. It had lost its suburb. The latter was not buried like Pompeii, or swept away by fire like Chicago. Its suburb had gone off to travel with a circus.

Stylish ox-carts and swell four-in-hand hayricks whirled along Lake City's turnpike. On Sundays it was fashionable for the gilded youth of Lake City to drive out to its suburb. Almost any day the Vanderbilts and Jay Goulds of Lake City might be seen flying over the "corduroy" roads on dainty buckboard wagons.

The Mayor and Board of Aldermen of Hervey City went in a body to the old man who lived in the wagon. They offered to give him ten acres of rich alkali land, and to make him pound-master without salary if he would come and be their suburb.

That night a cyclone swept by Lake City. Next morning the suburb was gone. The inhabitants of the town looked up into the tree-tops and hunted over the plains for it. The missing suburb could not be found. The next week it was discovered in a new map of Hervey City.

On its way back, the week after, the cyclone stopped at Lake City. Houses and inhabitants were blown away. Only the straw-stack remained. This solitary ruin was all that was left of Lake City!

L. H. TUPPER.

SHE SAT upon the sand looking out over the billows that were as blue as her bathing-suit, and that was as blue as her eyes. And there she sat and watched the gulls floating around among the clouds as the minutes slipped away. And she laughed, and tossed sand around, and seemed as happy as a butterfly on a swaying daisy. The reason that she enjoyed sitting on the sand so much was because she was afraid to go into the water. And when a small sun-shower started up, she ran for her bathing-house like lightning, for fear she might get wet.

FRIDAY is not exactly an unlucky day for the murderer who is respited under the beam, and finally put in prison for life, and eventually pardoned on the ground of political influence.

TALKING OF toadies and sycophants, there are none worse than the incorrigible criminal; for is he not a confirmed "time" server?

THE GREAT trouble with most of the boxers at present is that they are nothing but chatter-boxes.

MISS MAUD MONTMORENCY.

THE UNRIVALED SERIO-COMIC CANTATRICE
AND NEW YORK NIGHTINGALE

IN HER NEW SERIES OF CAMPAIGN BALLADS.

IV.—"AN AGGRESSIVE POLICY."

"Bob up serenely."



Adagio ma con espressione.

When in a state of exasperation

The land arose for to go to war,
And thinking only to save the nation,
Our heroes hurried to the fore,
That was your time for disappearing.

You went and bought a substitute,
And when the sky above was clearing—
And when the sky above was clearing—

Bobbed up serenely—

Bobbed up serenely,

Bobbed up serenely for the loot.

When in the way of investigation,

Your trial was just begun,

You escaped all condemnation,

Struck to order by the sun.

That was your time for disappearing,

By the Little Rock & Arkansaw route;

But when the sky above was clearing—

But when the sky above was clearing—

You bobbed up serenely—

Bobbed up serenely,

Bobbed up serenely for the loot.

A LONG-FELT WANT.



THE ONE THING NEEDED IN CENTRAL PARK.

FREDDY'S SLATE
AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyorkjulififteen

dear puck

i dident hav time Two dror you A car Toon last weke be cors me an jim jonson wer orginicing four a rade on the inguns we ment to talk a hole bufflo bil troope With us butt we couldent scoup In anuff trustey hartes

so we finerly concludued two confine The orginisation too me An jim jonson an we hav bowned ouer selvs bye a bludcurreddlin othe that Woud maik the hare stand up On a baldeded corps

i can knot giv You the ful langgwaige of that othe sufice it two say it is hijus in its thrillen elliquense

that is nott orridgnel i got itt out off A bouk corleid seth The scallp razer or the Roren ranjer of The rockeys

ouer orgenisation is now compleated An we Are gone two start jes as sune as we Can escaip

the unsesing vijlans of ouer relentless Tirance i mene jim jonsons fokes An mine

we hav lade upp ouer stoars an We ar fulley armd An resolved to cell ouer lives derely

we corl ouercelvs the Yung ranjers of the red dide rockeys Be cors we in tend Too die the rockeys Red we shal start out too morrer an shal Be ginn diing A bout nexd weke

i cend you A car Toon of me an jim jonson puten two flite fore rascaley appatches the forth appatche is roun the cawner so you canot cee him

iff i gett tiem wile i am on The trale i wil cend you mor car Toons on the ingin queschen

youers four gor

freddy

p s you mite as Wel cen bac my slaight tho i shal Nott nead it now butt my fokes will wanter cee how i louk wen i am On the trale

"THE SOUL OF BLAINE."

"A shrill yell as of thousands of wild animals went through the hall *** It was the soul of Blaine abroad among the people." —*N. Y. Tribune*, June 6th, 1884.

MR. WILHELM'S MIND SET AT REST.

UTICA, N. Y., June 26th, 1884.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

As a reader of your paper from its earliest issues, I am going to take the privilege of an old friend by saying a few plain words to you upon the subject of your determined opposition to the candidates named by the Republican Convention for the offices of President and Vice-President.

In the first place, the only charge you have to bring against Mr. Blaine is the cry of Mulligan, Little Rock, etc., subjects which have been thoroughly investigated long ago, and pronounced by the leading men of all parties, and the public generally, as without any foundation in fact. (1.)

The great sin of Gen. Logan seems to be in what you state as a fact of his inability to converse and write strictly in accordance with the recognized rules of the English language. Now, look back and see if this is not a fair statement of all the wickedness you bring to their doors. (2.)

All men who seek for political honors are fair subjects for criticism, and when this is conducted in a spirit of fairness and confined within the bounds of truth, much good will be the result; but, candidly, your opposition seems to take the form of personal enmity, and you ought to know the only result from such a course will be exactly opposite from the one desired. (3.) Would you exchange Gen. Logan, a man whom the country has known for a quarter of a century as a soldier, a statesman, and an honest man, for an unknown country pedagogue? (4.) At least, I do not believe you would, and yet, logically, this is all you ask for.

The charges against Mr. Blaine rest on about as much foundation, they have been so pronounced by the American nation. (5.)

Now do rise above this personal prejudice, and let your paper continue to be in the future as it has mainly in the past, the brightest and wittiest paper of this or any other country. (6.)

Sincerely yours,

WILHELM.

1.—See Mr. Blaine's own letters for a "solid foundation."

2.—For further "wickedness," see our last week's cartoon, and read in the 1859 act of the Illinois Legislature a "fair statement" of Mr. Logan's principles.

3.—There is no "personal enmity" in our opposition to Blaine and Logan. No man on this paper knows either of the candidates. No man here has ever had any personal dealings with either of them. No one here has any personal feeling in the matter. It is purely a question of principle.

4.—Yes, if the pedagogue were able, honest and high-minded, and had never been a proslavery man.

5.—When, where and how?

6.—Make your mind easy, Mr. Wilhelm. We shall keep right on making this the best paper in the world, and we shall keep you right in the fold of our admirers, too.

Rejected articles, ill-writ, mis-spelt,
Are not returned by PUCK or *Um die Welt*.

POLITICS OF A YOUNG AMERICAN.
II.

[Respectfully Dedicated to Mr. Charles Nordhoff.]

My dear Pop:

Peter Parley observed that every American boy ought to want to be President of the United States, and every girl the President's wife—or words to those effects.

You bet they do—when they grow up. Every B has it in his bonnet.

You taught me that to be worthy of honor of the people a man should be true, pure and good, of stainless honor, more willing to serve his country than to serve himself.

That's all by-by. Tell it to the Secretaries of the Navy.

If you want to be the people's choice—the people who boss Conventions—try it on this lay:

Be an American. Be born in Pennsylvania. Never get born in Germany.

P. S.—Have your relatives of assorted religions, so as to catch on all round.

America looks out for No. 1. Therefore, to be an American, look out for No. 1.

Never neglect the Maine chance—even in the Legislature.

When the country, fighting for its life, needs men—send a substitute.

Then you can go to the front, at Washington, as a claim-agent. Also, you can sell your country—rifles.

Thus you can earn your way to Congress.

In Congress, you can get in, on a variety of things, on the ground floor—and get your friends in a good deal deeper.

Never be a dead-head—on your own road.

Write all your letters by telephone, and *burn 'em afterward*. Otherwise they may be Fish-ered out, and you may get *Sun-struck* when it's not convenient.

If a personal explanation is necessary, go for the other fellows. Give 'em a cauld (-well) blast. Mention that he that is without tin may cast the first little rock. But find out first *which letters aren't burned up*.

Always tell the public what isn't in letters (by advice of counsel). This is safer than to read 'em what is.

Wave the bloody shirt. It's much livelier than the American flag.

Dodge dangerous questions, such as honest money and snivel service, till you've seen which way the wind blows.

When you get to be Speaker, if you can't touch it yourself, send a page.

Never put in a bid in your own name, or you won't get off Scott-free.

When you've got a good thing, get your pay, and keep the cash till you can sell out higher.

If you can't be President first time, buy, buy again. Meanwhile, take a seat in the Cabinet.

Boss other nations to keep your hand in. Get up a Southern Confederacy of your own. If they talk back at you, lay low. Brag all the same.

Make history for yourself. Never mind truth; have plenty of taffy. Don't repudiate the repudiators; give everybody a slice. Sell the people as much as you can—\$5 a head.

Shake hands; be a magnet; boom.

Thus you may be a Plumed Knight.

Thus you may build your White House upon a Little Rock.

P. S.—Yet there are sometimes earthquakes.

This is the kind of man the people want—the people who boss Conventions.

But there are also mugwumps.

They want a cold clean man like G. Washington. The answer to this is "Tat-tu, Georgy."

After getting nominated, the next thing is to get elected.

The Conventions are held in the heated term.

The election comes in November. November's a cold day. Yours truly,

WALTER.

HIS PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

It was a coolish day, and the wind was high. That accounted for his presence. The Assyrian Pup had left the door open, and an unusually vigorous zephyr had translated the weird-looking object before us from the darkness of the corridor without to the effulgent brilliancy of the sanctum within.

With a timid smile, and a step as halting as the unmoting Keely motor, he advanced toward the leading spirit of the office and presented his card, which read:

J. Stiggins,

hu-Morist.

While the Editor-in-Chief was reading the inscription on the card, the sad-eyed man who draws our funny pictures was sketching the mysterious visitor for use in a coming cartoon on the dynamite question. He was then filed away in a pigeon-hole by the sad-eyed artist, and addressed by the Editor as follows:

"Mr. Stiggins, I presume?"

"Yes, sir; J. Stiggins, humorist. Chuck full of sparkling wit, from the tip of my toe to the top of my tip—a humorous allusion, as you will at once see, sir, to my head; my style, sir—my style. You see my humor crops out at all times."

"Mister Stig—"

"Born so, sir. First thing my infant lips were heard to utter was 'Shoo.' This remark was addressed to a fly, sir, and was accompanied with my throwing at the refractory insect the tiny boot which incased my pink foot. At another time—but, sir, I will not take up your time by reminiscences of my childhood, but come at once to my point. I have here in my pocket a select series of short, pithy anecdotes, which I would be willing to part with for a consideration. The first is about President Hayes's Cabinet. An entirely and original aspect, sir, of it. You may remember it contained Mr. Schurz. Why not say that it contained thirteen members, six with shirts and—"

The click of a revolver deterred him from concluding the sentence. But he went on:

"Heard it before? Strange, indeed! But here is one in an entirely new vein, a rich vein of humorous ore, sir. The mother-in-law. Haha! rich vein of humorous awe—now just thought out this minute. Don't like it, perhaps? Well, I have a regular tooth-puller here in the way of a conundrum; but the fact of the matter is, I've only worked out the answer. One is a due bill, and the other is a don't, Bill—you catch on to the idea, of course?"

"Mr. Stiggins, that joke was in the Ark. It emigrated, sir, with Noah, and as for the mother-in-law vein, that has been worked from time immemorial. Puzzles—"

"Puzzles? Well, if you're after puzzles, I'm the man you want to see. Go to Stiggins's for puzzles. Now give me your candid opinion of this: Why is a regiment in camp æsthetic? Because, sir—because it is in tents—intense—see? That's what I call a Nay one joke. Take it, sir, at your own price."

"Five cents a million, Mr. Stiggins."

"Did you ever study advertisements, sir, for humorous ideas? No, I see by your countenance you don't; but I do. Now I saw, the other day, that a prominent photographer advertises that he takes babies on the fly. Now for the joke. Does he ever take flies on the baby? Simple, sir, but powerful as a risible."

This last was too horrible to stand, and the whole editorial staff rose *en masse* and greeted the new-comer with so much warmth that he left the office by way of the new stained-glass window, and clad for the most part in remorse,

As he disappeared through the window, he dropped a memorandum-book, in which were found such little items as these:

"Dr. Mary Walker's motto is 'Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pants.' \$3.00 per doz.

"The nose of the man with a putty face is not a putty-blower." 1 cent apiece.

"Three of a kind beat two pair," remarked four dudes as they fled from three savage steers." Prize joke.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

"A man at the minstrels slipped up on a peal of laughter and broke his funny-bone." Work up into a five-page story. \$7.00.

There were many more such; but on the last page of the book was the legend:

J. Stiggins,

Paraphraser to the Philadelphia Press.

"Ah," sighed the Goat, as he swallowed the scattered manuscript: "that accounts for the old jokes."

When the janitress appeared on the scene to close up for the night, she found the whole Board in a death-like slumber, and it was not without much hard labor that they were brought to.

Ever since that day there has been a cast-iron boot fastened to the editor's desk which, by a simple turn of a lever, is capable of knocking a man silly three times in two seconds. It is labeled:

PHILADELPHIA HUMORIST KICKER.

J. K. BANGS.

"I HAD an awful dream last night," he said, as he mopped the sweat of agonized reminiscence from his brow.

"What was it?"

"I dreamed," he answered, in a husky whisper: "of a Presidential contest where John Sherman ran against Allan G. Thurman—and I lisped."

Answers for the Anxious.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:

In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

G., Oneonta.—Sent.

"QUART."—Good enough.

R. S.—Well, do it again.

F. OPPER.—Will see you later.

C. L. S.—Thank you. We have put your communication on file, to be referred to when necessity arises. That is, when we want somebody to teach us how to run this paper, we'll send for you.

CHARLES JENKINSON, Cayuga.—We beg your pardon. We are very sorry. We did not mean to refuse to receive your epic. It was all a mistake of the porter's. He took it for a roll of wall-paper, and, as he knew we hadn't ordered any wall-paper, he told the truckman to take it away.

JOHN W. SMITH, Fonda, N. Y.—Your question shows that you have a very sensitive conscience for a boy of fourteen, and that you are a young man of very noble principles. Yes, John, it is very wrong to go swimming on Sunday, when your parents forbid you. There is no doubt about its being wrong. But, somehow, we would n't give a continental for a boy who hadn't a fair capacity for just that kind of wrong in his moral system. Get your hair cut short, John.

L. PLATT.—Oh, the giddy, merry, bounding humor-someness of that paragraph of yours! Oh, the coy and dainty way in which you lead up to the joke! Oh, the wicked, naughty mischief of your dalliance with it when you get there! And oh, the old, old, old joke, the weary joke, the aged joke, the joke that has reached three-score-and-ten and would fain lie down under its own vine and fig-tree and rest and slumber in the purple twilight of life! And oh, oh, oh, the man named Platt who won't let it!

THE PLAINT OF A PHILADELPHIA POET.

I published in the *Bulletin*

A bit of comic verse

Upon the dubious things that in

Cigars make smokers—swear;

And when the *North American*

Reprinted it right soon,

This legend 'neath my poem ran:

New Orleans Picayune!

L.

A CARD.

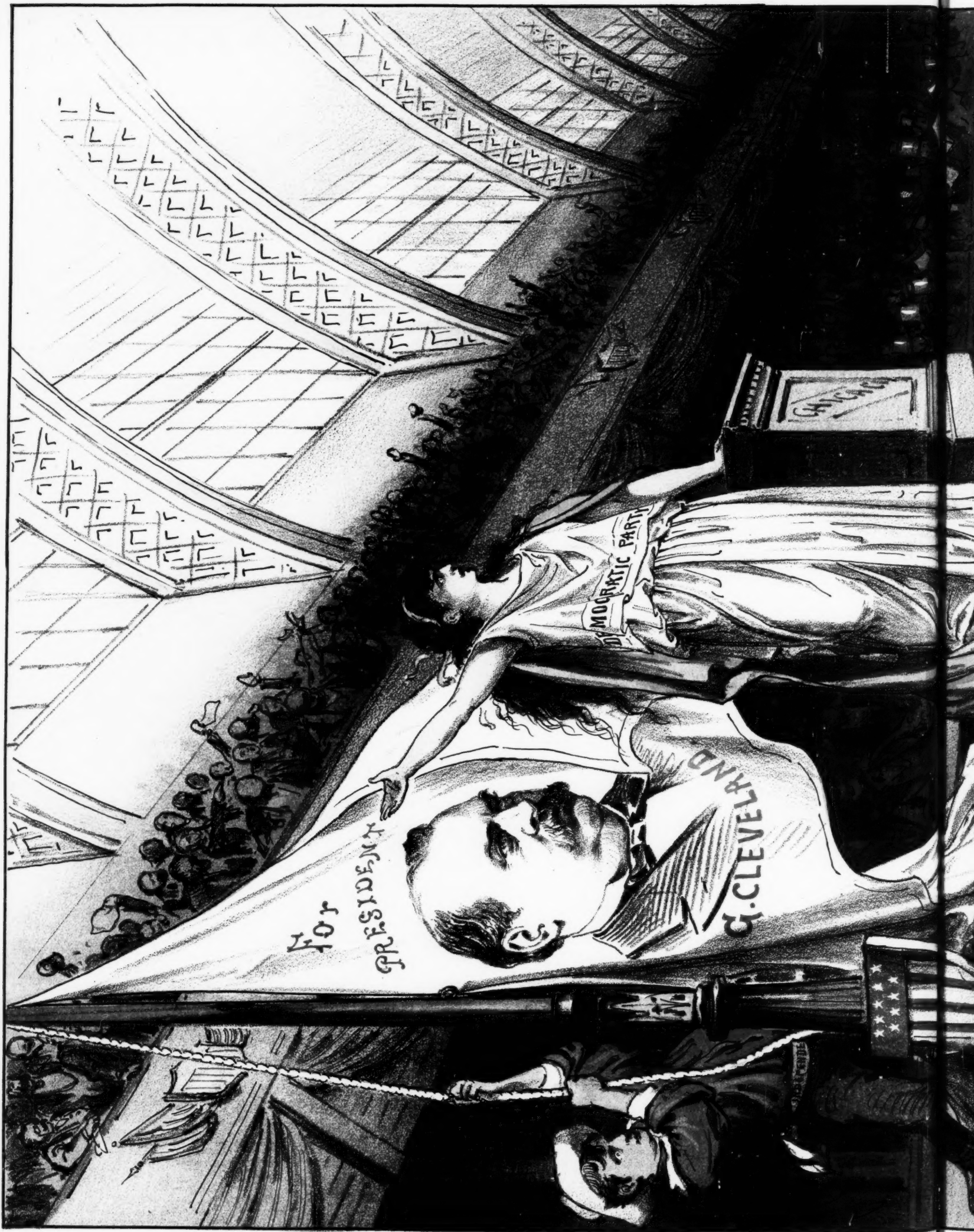
Having been made the subject of an unprovoked and hebetudinous attack by the editor of this paper in the "Answers for the Anxious" last week, I submit the following sketch, and warn my cowardly assailant that I have a few more of the same kind ready, in case the offense is repeated.

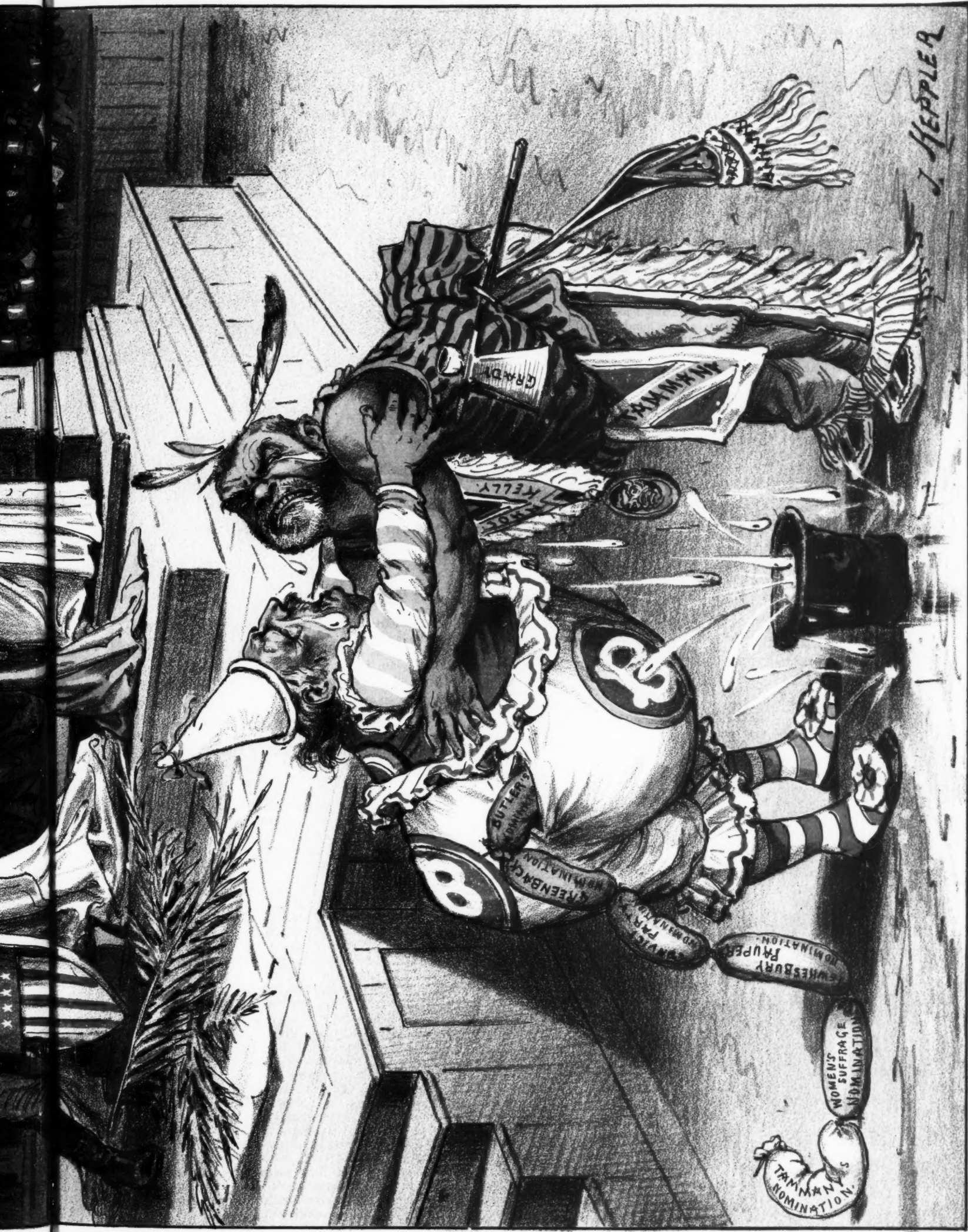
F. OPPER.



THIS IS THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT DOING THE "EPIGRAMMATIC AND CLEVER" BUSINESS.

P U C K .





A FLAG THE INDEPENDENTS WILL FIGHT UNDER.

When Party lifts a Flag like this on high,
Small wonder Clowns and Demagogues should cry.

THE ARCTIC SUMMER.

[XIX.]



NOTICE with some surprise that the Dominion Parliament of Canada has received a favorable report from its Committee on the matter of improving the facilities for navigation offered by Hudson's Bay, and by means of which it is proposed to ship the enormous crops of grain and lumber from the Northwest. It is also worthy of remark that the Committee is filled with amazement that Hudson's Bay has not been heretofore utilized as a highway over which to transport the great quantities of grain and lumber to the Atlantic seaboard which have been conveyed to Chicago during all these years and thence distributed.

A casual glance at the history of the navigation between Hudson's Bay and the Atlantic proper will show that this channel has been neglected during the past one hundred and fifty years. Not because corporations were not sufficiently subsidized and encouraged in this enterprise, nor because stubborn local governments and pig-headed individual owners refused to relinquish the right of way; but because during the entire year, with the exception of a short season between P. M. July 3rd and A. M. July 4th, the extreme cohesive properties of the water, owing to a shrinkage in thermometers and general stringency along the coast, prevent profitable navigation.

About 12:30 A. M. July 4th the water begins to thicken in Hudson's Bay, and remains coagulated and congealed until about 12 o'clock P. M. July 3rd of the following year. This abbreviates the ecclesiastical year of that region to such a degree that extended navigation is practically handicapped and distressingly hampered.

In giving the above dates, however, for a safe entry into Hudson's Bay, I desire to make a mental reservation, and to make this exception: the seasons vary to such a degree that this little bob-tail Summer may not occur in July. It not unfrequently happens that Christmas lingers in the lap of dog-days. The result, of course, would be lap-dog days. (Intense gloom, with a spoon in it, please.) Then the abbreviated Summer may appear before breakfast late in August.

A friend of mine who was captain of the Peruvian bark *Spotted Tail* waited around till late in August for Summer. One morning he went below to antidote a favorite snake-bite of his, and when he had wiped off his chin and returned to the foretopgallant hen-coop, he was informed by the officer of the day, or city marshal, or whatever it is, that Summer had already come and had immediately went. I do not vouch for the grammatical architecture of the remark; but that is verbatim, for we thawed it out when my friend got home.

The Arctic Summer is extremely reserved and coy. She throws a joyous kiss to the iceberg, and then, waving her taper fingers with the thumb on her *retroussé* nose, she flies like a frightened sand-hill crane to the southward. That is the grand difficulty with Hudson's Bay as a resort. If you are young and active, and keep your weather-eye open, you just about have time to change your seal-skin underclothes between a backward Spring and a mighty early Fall.

I have another warm personal friend up there somewhere now. That is, he was a warm personal friend when he went away; but he has grown cold through no act of mine. Summer came on one day while he was at dinner. He had just eaten his boot-leg soup, and the servant was bringing in the kerosene-oil Charlotte Russe—they always jumped from soup to dessert there—when some one said that Summer was on deck. A humorist who had eluded the authorities of the United States



—She throws a joyous kiss to the iceberg.—

and shipped aboard this vessel, the *Ice-Cream Freezer*, told the cook to go on deck and see if Summer had fled; if not, would he please sprinkle a little salt on its tail.

My friend was not well. His pores were all open. The humor struck into his vitals, and he soon passed away. He sleeps on a rocky point running due northeast, and on the cracker-box cover that marks his grave is written in red chalk:

"GONE WHERE IT IS ALWAYS SUMMER."

BILL NYE.

THE CONQUEROR OF THE CHAMPION.



"KNOCKED OUT," AFTER A GOOD MANY VERY LIVELY "ROUNDS."

FREE LUNCH.

ST. STEPHEN was an early martyr to the cause of progressive thought. He was stoned to death for attempting to wear knickerbockers.

IF THE political candidate has any beers to shed, he had better prepare to shed them as often as possible for the next two or three months.

ONE OF the great charms about Cleveland is that he was so stoutly opposed by Tammany. That fact alone goes a great way to stamp him a gentleman, and should be sufficient to recommend him to the favorable consideration of all honest men and lovers of good government, without regard to political creed.

WHEN THE nomination of Cleveland was announced on the *Herald* bulletin, an excited man on the sidewalk turned to a man standing in St. Paul's grave-yard, and said:

"Why don't you call the dead up to join in the racket?"

"Because the corpse is on the other ticket," was the calm rejoinder.

THIS IS the time when a party of young men purchase a second-hand tent, some tin kettles, a pound of coffee and a ham, and go off to camp out for their vacation. After they come back half-starved, and looking as though they have been suffering from jaundice and malaria, they tell all their friends what a glorious time they had; and one of the party offers to write up the place as a sanitarium; and another thinks the experience would make a splendid comic book for travelers. The great consolation of camping out, however, is that it brings many shekels to the pocket of the doctor who rebuilds the campers.

THE OTHER day a couple of small boys out in New Jersey thought they would make a little money by purloining cherries and selling them. So they got up in the shadiest tree they could find, that they might not be seen either by the proprietor of the place or the dog. Noiselessly and stealthily did they pull the limbs to them and remove the rosy fruit. And after they had been working away for several hours, with their dreams full of sunshine, base-ball matches and molasses-candy, they finally descended; but, lo, just as they attempted to scale the fence, the owner of the cherry-tree stepped from his hiding-place and took the fruit from the frightened urchins and conveyed it to the house to be converted into pies. All of which teaches us that it is more refreshing to lie in the shade and wait for the thief to come down with our fruit than to climb up and do the work ourselves. But it doesn't teach us how the thief is refreshed.

SAD, BUT TRUE.



"There was a Crooked Man, and he walked a Crooked Mile."



"He found a Crooked Sixpence in a very Crooked Style."



"He bought a Crooked Cat,"



"Which caught a Crooked Mouse,"



"And they all lived together in a little Crooked House."

THE GRAND OLD PARTY.

Once upon a time a number of loyal, sterling men were banded together, under the guidance of the noblest leader of modern times, for the fulfillment of a great duty. Their task accomplished, this organization, whose ranks were already thinned by death, disbande'd, and at last nothing remained of it but the banner under which it had marched and fought and achieved a great victory and a lasting fame.

This banner, on which was inscribed the name of the great party, still remained in the sight of all the world. It was not locked up in the vaults of a safe deposit company, because it was not supposed that any one would be shameless enough to steal and openly flaunt it before a nation which knew well enough to whom it had belonged.

There came a time when rascals cast longing eyes at the old banner as it floated in the calm winds of public respect; and one night one of them, bolder than the rest, stole it and summoned his unscrupulous crew about him beneath its folds. He had no right to the old flag. It had waved over many a hard-fought field, and had led men on to death and victory. But in these great battles this man had borne no part.

He had sent a substitute to follow the old banner to death or victory.

Nevertheless, he did not hesitate to wave his booty—now labeled "The Grand Old Party"—to prevent mistake—and to summon adventurers and hirelings of all sorts to rally around it.

He will flaunt the dishonored flag in the breeze until November, and the Star Routers, the Jay Goulds, the Cyrus W. Fields, and all the "shouters" and "boomers" will stand by him; and there are even many worthy fools who, passing that way, ballot in hand, will look up and say:

"Surely this must be the right place, for there is the flag of the 'Grand Old Party' waving over it."

IN A FEW weeks a party of young men will leave the city early in the morning, and proceed across the river to some Long Island swamp, and hire a flat-bottomed boat that leaks faster than a politician's pocket-book during a campaign, and paddle around in the mud all day, and be eaten up by horse-flies and sand-bugs, and come home wet and hungry enough to eat condemned army-harness, and exhibit a couple of crabs about the size of ordinary watch-charms, and then tell the crowd what a glorious time they had.

See If You Can Make Any Change Out of That!

PUCK IN 1880.

"The next largest delegate-owner is James G. Blaine, a tricky politician, of fishy character."—PUCK, *June 2nd, 1880.*

PUCK IN 1884.

"A man whose nomination is an insult to the country, whose election would be an ineradicable disgrace."—PUCK, *June 11th, 1884.*

AN ESSAY ON SLEEP.

We believe it was Sancho Pedro who thought an all-wool blessing should be bestowed on the individual who first invented, filed a caveat for, and patented sleep.

This leads us to believe that Sancho had a level head, and was a man whose opinion was entitled to some respect.

Take a hen, for instance, and she will fall asleep right in the middle of a dusty road. And there that hen will sleep for hours and never move, except to skin her eye occasionally to see if there is any danger of being run over. And if she sees a wagon coming, she will pretend not to see it, and she will sleep right on until the wagon-wheel is within a few feet of her. And then she will suddenly jump up in a manner to show how annoyed she is, and stand on the side of the road and look at you in mingled indignation and astonishment.

A dog will lie right in a doorway where people are traveling back and forth, and sleep for hours. He knows that if he is stepped on he will be hurt, and that if any one trips over him he will be hurt, and that if some one comes along and kicks him out of the doorway he will be bruised and made to feel uncomfortable. Yet, there he will lie and sleep, and dream the balmy dreams of innocent and unsophisticated doghood.

And, like the cat, he will lie close to the stove, and sleep by the hour, and never open his eyes unless he hears the carving knife being sharpened. And if the kettle boils over on him, or

a lot of hot grease flies out of the pan, and takes handfuls of hair out of him, and leaves him looking like a crazy-quilt, yet will he return to the stove and make that his favorite sleeping-place again. A dog is so fond of sleep that he has been known to keep right on sleeping when burglars were in the room at the dead of night.

In this respect the dog is not unlike the policeman, who is perhaps the greatest sleeper we have. He is so fond of sleep and its refreshing influence that he will climb noiselessly into a murky coal-box and stretch himself out on the coal, and fall into a sweet, long doze that nothing can break. There may be a murder within ten yards of where he is lying, and the cries of the murderess may be sharp enough to cut right through the toughest sinews of the toughest spring-chicken that was ever put on a table; but the policeman will sleep right on, his soul made rosy by the gentlest of gentle visions, and never open his eyes until the last star has melted in the sunlight.

When a man is traveling in a railway-train, he pushes aside the latest novel that is thrust at him by the enterprising train-boy, and closes his eyes upon the delightful landscapes that the railroad finds it profitable to advertise, lays the back of his head on the seat, draws his hat over his eyes, and makes every effort to get into dreamland. And, in spite of the jouncing and jolting of the train, he does fall asleep, and for the time is utterly unconscious of his debts and other tribulations.

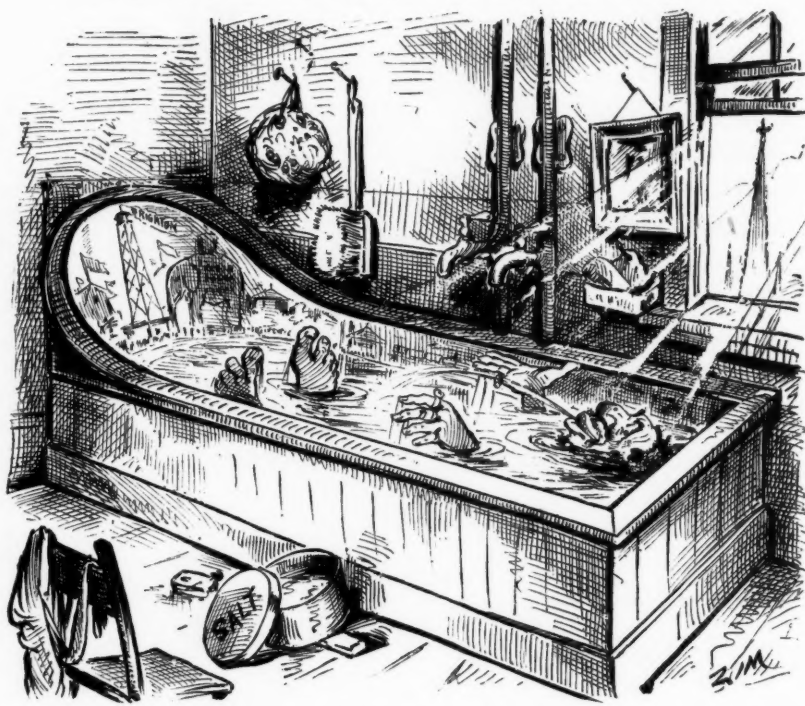
And there he sleeps the sleep that is not disturbed by the bell, the whistle or the brakeman. It is just the kind of rosy sleep that he can not get in a sleeper; for, when he stretches out in a sleeper, or rather a waker, he does nothing but roll and toss about all night long. The only time he feels like sleeping is when it is time to rise in the morning. Then he is sleepy because he has exhausted himself by the rolling. After he has rolled in the sleeper all night, he could easily fall asleep on an osage-orange hedge, or barbed fence.

What is pleasanter than a good sleep on a cold Winter morning, when you know it is time to get up? Nothing that can be named surpasses that pleasure. Every fresh knock and "Get up, now, the breakfast is getting cold, and it is after eight!" makes the bed seem more comfortable, as you draw your head under the covers, and gather yourself into a ball for a fresh nap of just a few seconds more.

And then there is the Sunday morning sleep, which is about the sweetest of all sweet sleeps. Because then you have plenty of time, and are not hampered by the bells and whistles that ring and blow on week-days to let mortal man know that it is time to rise and proceed to earn his daily cake. On Sunday morning you may close your shutters, and haul down the shades, and make the room so dark that you may sleep right along until your head is small enough to fit your hat, and then it will be about three in the afternoon, and time for breakfast.

Swinging in a hammock out among the honey-suckles, or between two old apple-trees, on a quiet afternoon, is not the worst way in the world of getting into slumberland. As you lie there looking up through the branches at the fleecy clouds floating along, and try to make all sorts of fanciful figures out of them, such as snow-men smoking pipes, and patriarchs dancing on smoke, and beautiful Circassian women floating about on vapory couches, etc., you are lulled to sleep by the hum of insects, and the song of birds, and the airy rustle of the leaves, stirred by the breeze that keeps you in a gentle swaying motion. And when you wake you have the impression of the netting buried about an inch deep in your face, and leave the impression of your head on the ground just where you landed when you fell out.

THE SOLACE OF THE CITY-BOUND SEMITE.



MR. LEVI MINZESHEIMER MAY NOT GO TO MANHATTAN, BUT HOLY ART HAS POWER TO CONSOLE HIM IN HIS BATH-ROOM.

[Adapted from *Fliegende Blätter*.]

And then there is the sleep of boyhood. The sleep that every man would like to sleep over again. The sweet, undisturbed sleep in which the boy dreams about the orchard in which the reddest apples grow; and the best recipe for bird-lime; and the best way to swap—"fensein's"—the handsome and attractive knife-handle with no blades in it for the superior knife of a companion. The gentle ten-hour-without-stopping sleep, wherein he lives his exploits over again, and falls out of the cherry-tree, and is chased by the farmer, and goes over a cascade on a raft; and fires a gun into a hornets' nest, and sets off fire-crackers close to the old Shanghai rooster. Ah! what are so sweet as those dreams of boyhood? Tender dreams, that are only disturbed when the boy is lifted out of bed by the ear, and hurried down-stairs to chop the wood that he forgot to chop last night. There is nothing on earth so sweet, unless it be the sleep of the baby; because the baby can sleep all night and all day, and never has to get up. And the baby can never have unpleasant dreams, because the baby is unacquainted with the unpleasant things of this world. And if the baby wakes up, and cries or becomes tired out, it is immediately put to sleep again. It doesn't have to go to sleep itself, but is actually put to sleep. And then every effort is made to keep it asleep as long as possible. Ah, if we could only be put to sleep, in this cruel work-a-day world, and have some one to lie around and allow no one to come near and disturb our repose—then would the hackman lie down with the tourist, the plumber with the landlord. But if we should ever have to be put to sleep, we should prefer to have it done through the medium of a good old brandy egg-nogg.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE poet Browning is being painted by his son, in all the glory of his scarlet Oxford doctoral gown, for Balliol College, of which he is a fellow. This may be all right, but it seems rather ungrateful for a young man to paint his father red.—*Boston Post*.

FASHIONABLE MISS—"Will you let me have a sample of that old-gold flannel and also one of the mauve color?"

Clerk—"No, you don't."

Fashionable Miss—"I beg pardon; did not understand you."

Clerk—"That dodge has been played too often."

Fashionable Miss—"What dodge, pray?"

Clerk—"You want to make a bathing-suit of them."—*Philadelphia Call*.

It is rumored that Sarah Bernhardt has threatened to commit suicide. She might secure a great deal of free advertising by resorting to such a scheme; but, really, we don't see how it would benefit her "first appearance" in the next world.—*Norristown Herald*.

"Do you know what the board over that cow's face is for?" asked the Colonel.

"No," responded the Major: "unless it is to keep her blushes from being seen when the milkman works the pump-handle."—*Boston Post*.

—Dr. Hamilton advises a smoke as a sedative, after a day of toil. But he recommends tobacco in its purity. That is where Blackwell's Durham Long Cut comes in. Connoisseurs know that its flavor and fragrance are of nature and not of art. They may be clumsily imitated, but never reproduced. In pipe or cigarette they always tell for themselves.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

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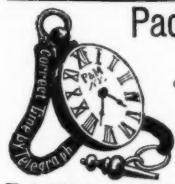
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Repairing a Specialty.**THE BALLAD OF THE BABY.**

Bald of head and red in the face,
I'm only a baby, weak and small;
A bundle of flannel and bib and lace;
But don't, I beg, into error fall,
For there's not a thing on this earthly ball,
Or big or little, or old or new,
That holds the world in completer thrall;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

I can shriek a shriek to rend all space,
Can choke myself with my brodered shawl;
Can send my nurse on a frantic chase
For pins that never were there at all.
I can make my pa, so brave and tall,
Say curious words, just one or two,
As he walks the floor to hush my squall;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

I can coo and coo with tender grace,
And bring my subjects at beck and call,
With cunning smile and a soft embrace,
While into mischief I straightway crawl;
My mama's anger I can forestall,
I can patty-cake and can peek-a-boo,
I can charm, enslave, delude, appall;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

ENVOY.

With my tiny hands I can build life's wall
As true and strong as the skies are blue;
I am the monarch of hut and hall;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

—Carlotta Perry, in Good Cheer.

ACCORDING to the Janesville Recorder, the sewing-machine agents are men of great ability in that vicinity. One of them called at a house in the country, and the lady of the house set a bull-dog on the agent, and he was treed on top of a corn-crib. When the agent got all of his legs and feet up on the corn-crib, and had counted them, to see that they were all there, he began conversing with the dog in a confidential manner, and when he had gained the confidence of the animal, began to speak of the machine, when the dog lay down and seemed overcome. The result was that the agent not only talked all the fight out of the dog, but left a machine with the animal on trial, with a good prospect of a sale. Volumes could not say more.—Puck's Sun.

"BEGORRA, I've always been a Dimmycrat, but I'll vote for Logan this toime," exclaimed an enthusiastic Irishman on the glorious Fourth. When asked his reason, he replied: "Shure an' the papers sez he murders the English, and be the powers Oi'm down on the English!"—Norristown Herald.

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PURSUIT AND POSSESSION.

People are coming "out of the dust of the town of the king" into the dust of the country roads just now. Some of the city people who come out are very city people, especially the children. The other day I saw a little fellow of about six years. Pale faced; his neck was thin and his legs were not the legs of a farm boy. He was trying to catch some lumbering insect that was hovering over the red clover by the roadside. His pale cheeks flushed a little with pleasure and the glow of exercise. Several times his extended hands nearly closed on the fluttering prey, but as often it eluded him. But at last it settled on a clover-top, and the lad, with a quick sweep of his hands and a cry of delight, gathered it in.

And then he let go of it. He did not hold it and admire it; he did not crush its gauzy wings nor rub the hard-earned pollen from its busy legs. He just let it go, and as it went he made the welkin ring with both hands. Not with the glad anthems of the free; not with the warbling songs of joy that mock the chorus of the Summer birds; not with the inspiring cadence of the songs of war; oh, no! He didn't sing any distinguishable words, and he didn't appear to be at all particular about the arrangement of the music. He only "hollered." He wailed, and wept, and ran for the house, and would not stop to let me put mud on his hand, although mud is better than ammonia. Poor boy. But he will never do it again.

Dearly beloved, I too have caught bumble-bees in my bare hand, when I was older than that boy, and even when I rather mistrusted they were bumble-bees when I was after them. It may be that some members of this congregation may remember to have picked up some things they afterward most earnestly wished they had left alone. Not infrequently does pleasure depart with possession. Not rarely do men seek for things which they do not desire to find. How often, when, allured by the humming-bird that poises between the sun-light and the rose, itself a quivering flash of light, a fluttering, singing flower, do our hands close eagerly upon it, only to find, alas, it is a humming-bird with a steel-probe and bodkin manufactory located in its tail! The moral of all this is obvious. There is no extra charge for it. It goes right in with the regular subscription. Be wise, O child of vanity; sit in the shade and watch with equal pleasure the humming-bee and the bumble-bird, and if you must catch them, wait till the cold weather comes and they freeze to death.—R. J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.

WARNING!

How many people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding ten drops of **Angostura Bitters**, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their summer beverages.

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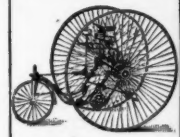
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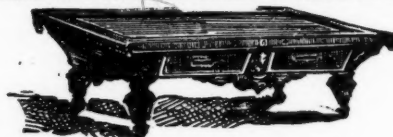
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Once wrote upon his door:
"Oh, I can make a pill
That shall ease ev'ry ill!
I keep here a plaster
To prevent disaster;
Also some good ointment,
To soothe the disappointment."

When customers applied,
These words are what he cried:
"Now, *Patience* is the pill
That eases ev'ry ill;
Take-care is a plaster
Which prevents disaster;
Good-humor an ointment,
Soothing disappointment."

—*Mary Lang, in St. Nicholas for July.*

"Lucy," said Rutherford B. Hayes a few days ago, as he was mixing some dough for the little chickens: "did you hear that General Grant had lost all his money in Wall Street?"

"Yes," answered Lucy, in a dry, husky tone of voice: "I read something about it in the papers. That comes of not having a wife that is able to take care of him and his money, Rutherford. You never lost any money in Wall Street, did you?"

"No, ma'am," said Rutherford.

"Well, just let me know when you do."

"Yes, ma'am."

And Rutherford went out to feed the cunning little new Spring chicks. — *Middletown Transcript.*

"WHY is a woman always too late for the train?" asks an exchange. Because she isn't. Pretty often she is nearly an hour too early for the train, and runs several blocks for fear she will miss it. — *Norristown Herald.*

HE drops in now to call upon
The editor or printer,
And closes carefully the door
He left ajar last Winter.

—*Somerville Journal.*

A SOCIETY-EXCHANGE says: "Skeleton bonnets are very fashionable." We suppose the skeleton part refers to the husband's appearance when the bill comes in. — *Boston Post.*

THE sign in front of a clothing-store on one of our side streets reads: "Cast off clothing of every kind," and every one who notices it feels that the advice is excellent. — *Boston Post.*

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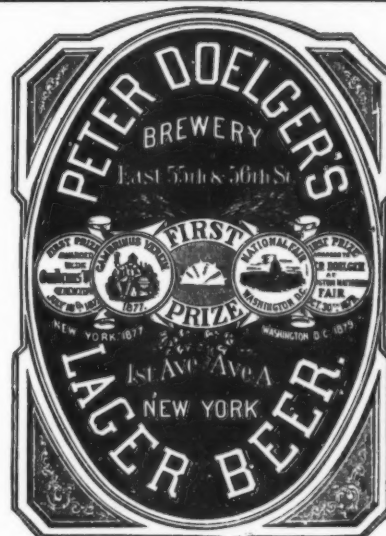
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W. R.—“Great Scott! Have I got to clean that lot all by myself?”